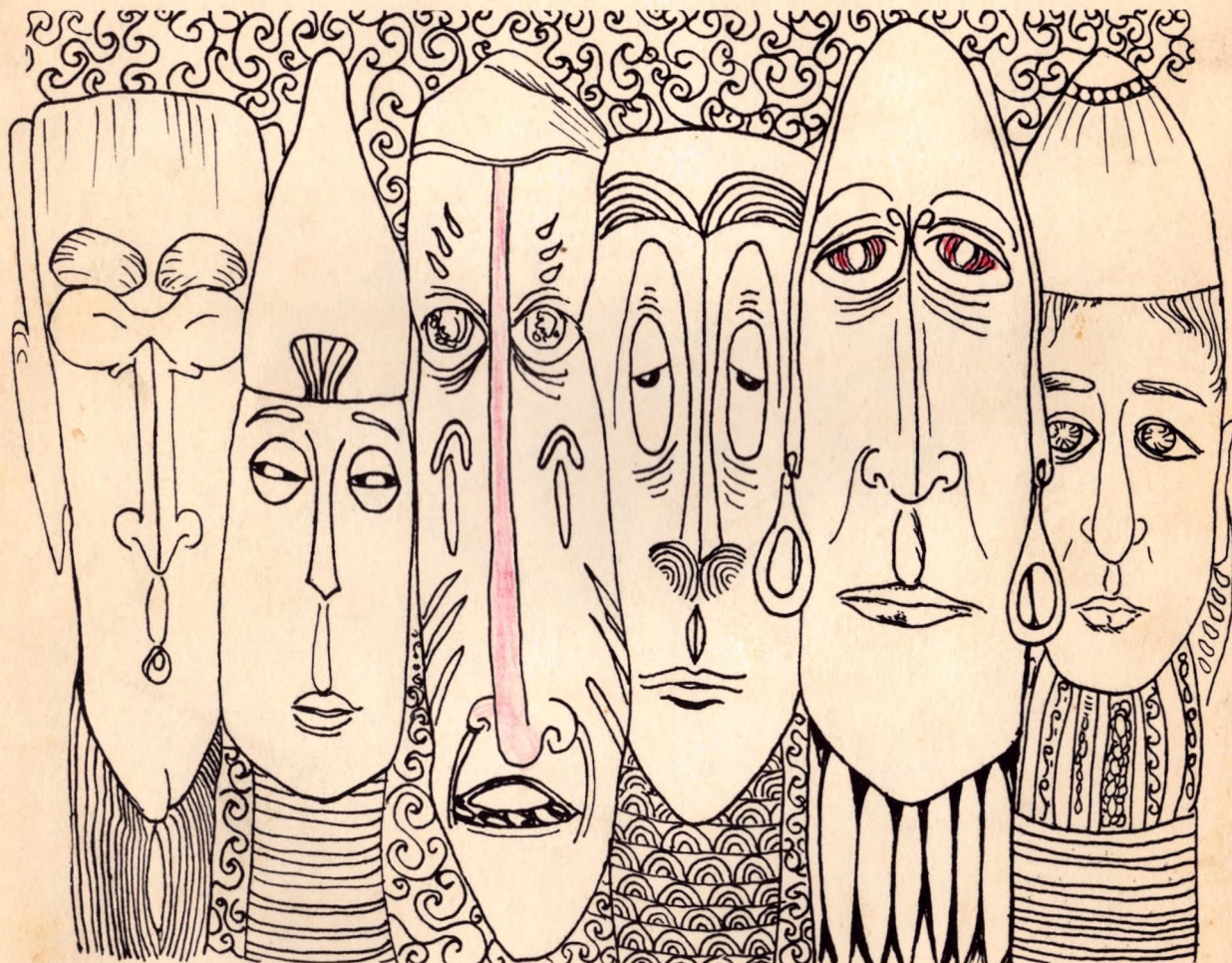


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PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

Volume L

Number 3



MARCH 1966

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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ASSISTANT EDITORS

Debby Butler

Joe Bernardo

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

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BUSINESS ADVISER—Miss Margaret Hoffman

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CROSBY COORDINATOR—Miss Roberta Downing

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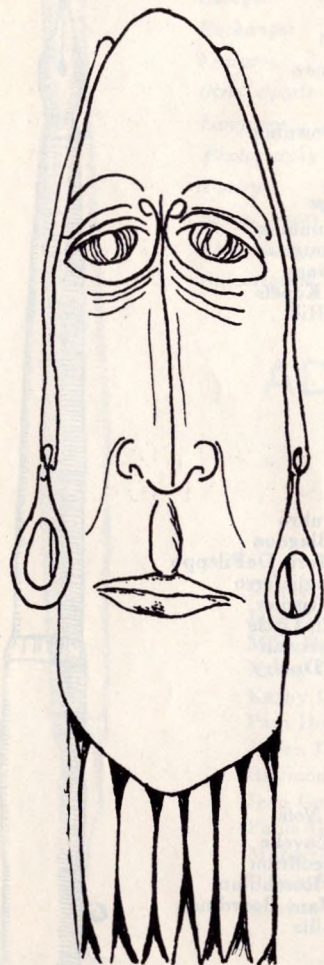
Carol Johnson

Carol Allen

Photography

Bob Cullen

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'MIRROR, MIRROR, ON THE WALL'

By Gail Danckert, '63

"MIRROR, mirror on the wall . . ." Go ahead, take a good long look. It doesn't hurt long. There's just the initial shock. Peer right through the facial mask into the mind, the spirit—YOU! How many of you have asked yourselves, "Who am I?" or, even better, "Why am I me?" Too many high school students feel the unnecessary urge to be somebody else. After all, "They've made it that way, why can't I?"

Most people do this unintentionally. This innocent group has a rude awakening, for when tomorrow brings its shattering truths, they'll have two people to adjust: themselves and their shadow.

The most infuriating are those who work at being the other one; the cool. They must put on their facades every morning along with their shoes. You can't walk down a street bare-faced; somebody might recognize YOU! Remember, don't laugh when you feel the urge, only when Joe does. Don't say hello; s o m e o n e might think you're friendly. What a complete waste—chalk off one *human* being.

The one thing we all had from the beginning was a mind, an identity. If a person gives this up, he gives himself right back to the dust. You can't be anyone if you're not you.

Some people are made for one particular group. Everyone has one type, one life and one chance to live it. If you try to fit into one group and feel like a duck out of water, leave. Don't lose your webbed feet or you'll lose yourself.

Now you say, "It's too late. I'm already me and if I change now I'll

really be out." Well, hold your head up high, open your eyes and take a big step. You won't fall too hard. It hurts for a moment, but anyone who was your true friend will remain so while you get your footing.

Is your mirror so clean it makes your mask disappear? You can hope so, for your chance is up. If you miss it now, you might as well tie your shoelaces together and get on the conveyor belt. I dare you to step off. It's a long slow drop, but when you hit the ground, you stay there—as yourself.

ODE TO A FROG ON A LILYPAD

By Paul Tagliaferro, '66

Whatfor,
Oh ugly green thing
Sitting on a raft of brown,
Staring and croaking
At the dirty water which surrounds you.

Howcome,
You only sit and frown
As the world floats by you,
Watching for a prize in the water,
A reward for a lazy spectator.

Why
Don't you dive in
And take a chance
In the chilly ever-flowing water,
And earn the rewards of accomplish-
ment.



KENNEDY AT PITTSFIELD HIGH

ON DECEMBER 17, the senior class heard Senator Edward Kennedy, Massachusetts' junior senator, speak on the subject of the war in Vietnam. We of the *Pen* felt that the Senator presented his information in such a way that it was of benefit to almost all. He first acquainted us with the facts that led up to and caused the war we are involved in, and then attempted to answer the question "What are we doing there?"

Senator Kennedy began his talk by giving a brief geographical sketch of the Vietnam area. He then proceeded, beginning with the Geneva Accord of 1954, to explain how the U.S. became involved in a war there and just what we were attempting to do. He stated that we were there only to stop aggres-

sion on the part of North Vietnam, and not to win any favors of our own. The Senator felt that we were now winning in military effort, but even so, we at home must think of the war "in terms of our goal" there, which is not to conquer, but to give the South Vietnamese the type of government which they desire. He asserted that although the people are tired of war, most are glad that we have become involved. It was pointed out that, should we leave now, Communism would spread not only to Vietnam, but to other surrounding areas.

Senator Kennedy's talk, although brief, was for most, quite informative. It dealt with an issue which is so important today, but one about which many people know so little. He made his

talk to the point and stressed the fact that our goal was to allow the South Vietnamese to choose their own form of government. Although he answered a few of the questions in a somewhat evasive manner, he seemed to take them seriously and to attempt to give frank answers and opinions. One question asked during the brief interview allowed to the *Pen* and *In General* which was of direct interest to many, concerned the student protests against the war. When asked for his opinion, Senator Kennedy said, "While I support the right of a citizen to protest, I have no sympathy with those who resort to violence."

The Senator definitely feels that this war is something that must be taken

seriously by our generation as well as that of parents. "The Communists," he stated, "feel that we Americans are soft and cannot last out a war such as this."

Kennedy feels that we must support the Vietnam cause and show the opposition that we can last.

We of the *Pen*, however, feel that whether we support or oppose the war is something that each one of us must decide for himself. It is our right to oppose what our government is doing as well as to support it. Whatever side we take, however, it is important to do so intelligently. Our nation has and will survive only because its citizens are concerned and well informed.

THE MEDAL

By Kenneth Potak, '66

Sept. 2

Dear Dad,

Our ship arrived here safely, early this morning, and we were transferred to trucks and carried to a little outpost on the edge of the village. That is where I am writing this from. It is unbearably hot and humid here, and my clothes are soaked with sweat. The air even smells hot because of the lack of wind. Several of the fellows I was with collapsed and were shuffled off to the barracks, if that is what you want to call them. They are little more than shacks like we have at home to store the tools in. They have dirt floors which smell like mud from a swamp and plain boards for bunks, but at least they have a roof on them. I am told the rains are so heavy here, that sometimes the roofs collapse from the force. Our roof looks pretty sturdy though.

While we were unloading from the

ships, eight trucks from eight different companies came and divided us up, loaded each division in a truck, and drove away.

I was separated from some friends I made coming over and I doubt if I will see them again. But I don't think I will have any problems finding friends. There are plenty of Americans here, and I'm sure they'll be glad to meet some old freak from the States. That seems to be the only thing that cheers anyone up around here, hearing about home. But it seems like a pleasant locale here even if it is hot. It is quiet and in a beautiful landscape, right here at the foot of the mountains. I'd rather be here than in some smoggy old city.

Write me when you get a chance. Communications are slow, but you ought to be able to reach me here at my new address. (So long for now.)

Bob

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Sept. 9

Pfc Robert Grayson 33970019
107th Co: Infantry
C/O QM Div A
Danong, Letung Province, Vietnam

Dear Bobby,

How's it going, son? Really great over there? Nothing to do all day but go on a patrol occasionally and then spend the rest of the day loafing around or seeing the town. Boy, that must be the life. I got a kick out of the description of your barracks. Sounds like you'll be roughing it for awhile. It'll do you good though. Toughen you up. How's it feel to be a real Marine now? I expect to see your name up in the bright lights any day now, for the medals you're going to collect. It's hardly fair though. You aren't even fighting a real enemy, only some dim-witted peasants with spears and some rusty old guns. They won't stand a chance against you. All those hours I spent with you showing how to be an expert with a rifle are going to pay off. I'll bet you're the only one in your company who can put five shots in a ten-inch bulls-eye at four hundred yards. You'll show 'em! You'll be chalking up those farmers like targets in a shooting gallery.

I've been hearing hundreds of 'em have been getting shot for every one or two men we lose. Those are pretty good odds. Your patrols ought to be like Sunday strolls. I don't see why more of you guys aren't getting medals. I guess the war department is starting to get choosy because so many guys would receive them if they handed them out like they used to. But they still pass them around for knocking out convoys and bridges, so here's your chance. Just remember, you're bigger and better equipped than those peasants are, so there's no reason to worry.

MARCH 1966

Write me as soon as you can. I want to hear about your war. Best wishes and lots of luck.

Dad

Sept. 20

Dear Dad,

I am writing this bundled up in one of those stinking huts we have to sleep in. It is pouring rain outside and occasionally some gets inside when the wind shifts direction. It seems that the only time the wind ever blows here, is when it is raining. The weather has been like this for a week now and forecasts say it will continue for at least another week. How anyone could live their lives here is unbelievable. Everything I have is filthy and damp. Right now I don't have a single piece of dry clothing. Even my poncho is wet on the inside.

I've had the same wet clothes on for two days now and have picked up a chest cold. It's not quite bad enough to get me in a hospital bed, but I wish it was. All the guys with me here in the shelter are sick with one thing or another, some of them worse off than me. Of the thirty-two men who came to this camp with me, twelve are in the infirmary with pneumonia, seven have been wounded and four are dead. So considering, I'm in pretty good condition after all.

We've had to go on patrol every day into those stinking rotting jungles and hunt for an enemy who is never there. And the worst part is the mosquitoes. They drive a man insane. There is no escape and that junk the army gives us to repel them, the mosquitoes must live off it. It works for maybe an hour, and then you're helpless. I've seen a man scream at them like a madman and slap so hard he caused blood to rush to the spot he hit. They really drive you crazy.

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And that dumb peasant you referred to is anything but. We hardly ever see him but he sure sees us. They hide in the trees and tall grass and ambush us, then seem to vanish into mist. The only chance I have had to shoot is when they shoot at me first, and usually they're so close I just aim the gun at the tree or bush I think he's in, and pump that trigger as fast as I can. I don't know if I've hit any of them or not. They must carry away their wounded and dead because we never find any bodies.

Write and tell me everything about home. It gets lonely here, and any kind of word from home makes me feel better. There is not much to think about here besides what it would be like to be back in regular life again. Please tell me about everything happening while I'm over here. It gives me some comfort to have a link with the civilized world. Write soon.

Bob

Sept. 28

Dear Bobby,

I got from your letter the impression you're finding out what soldiering is like. Don't let it worry you though, you'll get used to it. The first couple of weeks are always the worst. You'll toughen up.

Now what's all this about having a little trouble finding the enemy? You aren't going to try to make me believe that those little peasants are smarter than you are. You can outsmart them any day if you want to. You ought to be able to pick 'em out like white mice on a pool table.

I hear our jets are bombing more and more of the supply lines and depots and this war might end any day, so you better start moving if you want to collect any of those medals they're going to be handing out. It'd be a shame to miss the chance, when it's so easy to earn yourself one. Why everyday I read

about this guy and that guy being decorated, some of them just for little things like not running when the enemy attacked. So, c'mon boy. I've got faith in you. Don't disappoint me.

Well, I've got to go now, but will be expecting your next letter to have some good news. Lots of luck.

Dad

Oct. 18

Dear Dad,

You'll have to forgive me for not writing sooner, but there hasn't been time. Attacks on our outpost have been getting more frequent, and more effective. Two days ago, they overran our outer defense and almost made it inside our fences. We held them off, but lost seven men in doing so. They've been holding these raids quite frequently, and I don't know how much more of it I can take. My cold has gotten worse, but I still have patrol duty and it is sheer horror. Every night we trudge through the jungle and the fields, knowing any minute our lives could be snuffed out by a sniper's bullet. And then there are the traps. All kinds of traps—poison-barbs, snares, deep pits. These people I'm fighting are professionals, Dad. They know every trick. They're the ones with the advantage, not me.

My life has been reduced to mud and bad food and sickness and wet clothes. Each night I lie down and dream about how wonderful it would be to go home, and to be able to take a walk without having to scrutinize every tree and ditch. Everyone here thinks about the same thing, I guess, but every one knows it is impossible.

Oh, and about those medals. I don't want to let you down, dad. I know how

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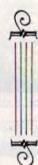


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much one would mean to you, but it isn't as simple as you may believe to get one. And besides, most of the fellows who have been decorated are dead. Sure they went in a blaze of glory, but nevertheless, they went. It's not that I'm a coward; neither are any of the other guys here. But you just can't decide all of a sudden to go out and blow up a bridge or rescue your commanding officer. It just doesn't work that way. I just want you to know how things stand over here, dad.

Well, I just got word I have to go on another useless patrol so I'll close now. It may be a while before I get a chance to write again, so don't worry if you don't hear from me.

Bob

Oct. 26

Dear Bobby,

Don't worry much about not winning your medals right away, son. It's nothing to be ashamed of. You're going to be able to prove yourself any day now. So don't worry. There must be hundreds of opportunities there every day and sooner or later your turn will come up. And don't get the idea that you have to win the Medal of Honor. Any kind of decoration is better than none. Of course it is nice to show off something big like a Silver Star. People will stop and look at it and say, "There goes a hero." And of course it would make me proud of you too.

I've got to go now, but remember, I've got faith in you and know you can do it. I know your next letter will have the good news that I'm waiting to hear. Good luck and happy hunting.

Dad

Nov 20

Mr. L. W. Grayson
43 Cottonwood Terrace
Burlington, Vermont

Dear Sir:

We regret to inform you that your son, Pfc. Robert Grayson, was killed in action earlier this month. His body, as well as personal effects will be sent home as soon as possible.

Pfc. Grayson has been cited for heroism and conspicuous gallantry above and beyond the call of duty. On the fourteenth of December of this year, the Silver Star will be awarded to Pfc. Grayson, posthumously, in a military Court of Honor, for his valor.

Respectfully yours,

General Thomas L. Fuller
Department of War
Washington, D. C.

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'PITY THE POOR CHILDREN'

By Deborah Little, '68

SO YOU say you woke up today, and before you could even say good morning to your charming family, your mother yelled at you for your dirty mouth? And your parents play favorites with your little brother because he doesn't have acne yet. Is that what's troublin' you, cousin?

It's rough, it really is, this business of being a teen-ager. My father has threatened me with a bowl and barber shears if I don't cut my bangs at least six inches. We poor kids have to be on the lookout every waking minute. I go to bed in a cold sweat that when I wake up in the morning and look in the mirror, I'll be a Dutch girl. I mean you simply cannot trust parents these days.

Do you cringe at the horrendous thought of making your bed? We're all complex, highly sensitive organisms who can't afford to be reduced to such menial tasks. Of course you'd collapse in horror at the prospect of keeping house. That's all only natural and normal; did you ever stop to think what dishpan hands could do to a popular girl? One day of washing windows and any one of us would be reduced to a quivering mass of jelly. Yet, these parents of ours still don't know when to give up. Woe is us.

Have you recently, or for that matter, have you ever gone up to "Pops" and perfectly nonchalantly requested "10 bucks"? If you haven't, let me forewarn you that such methods don't go over too big. You'll be extremely lucky if you can make a clean get-away without being brutally accosted with your own guitar. If you keep your fingers crossed, you just may be fortunate enough to sit and listen

to a long-winded lecture from your cool father on "In my day!"

Oh, and the homework, the homework, couldn't you just die? Ten pages of differential calculus (I don't even know what that is), for tonight read *The Brothers Karamazov*, outline in complete detail, *The Hundred Years' War*, pick up a copy of Plato's *Republic* and translate it, and be prepared for a test in every subject. So who do you think of for assistance, sympathy, and a note to the teacher? You, with an inborn instinct, turn to your dear mama, who is presently engrossed in knitting an afghan for her chihuahua. Mama tranquilly declares that because you were so stupid to begin with, the more work, the better her chances of carting you off to college early. Now she's mad at you because you've caused her to drop a stitch, and won't you feel guilty if Poopsie-chihuahua freezes this winter? Next, your last resort, you run to beloved papa. Papa is eagerly intent on completing a one thousand piece jigsaw of Julius LaRosa, but he agrees with mama, and would you please help him to locate the left molar of Julius?

So there you have it in black and white. Your teachers, all adults, are trying their best to drown you in a barrage of scholastic trivialities, and your parents, all adults, wouldn't mind at all if the teachers succeeded. Oh yes, I can see it all as plain as day, before you know it they'll be wanting to run the world. It's a conspiracy!

All conscientious objectors will meet in front of the Masonic Temple tomorrow morning for the big "BAN PARENTS" demonstration.

MASQUERADE

By Julie Dubro, '68

All those masks
Leering, Sneering
Smiling, Beguiling
Screamy or Squealy
Of course they're not really
The same as the faces behind them
Or are they?

Look at the people
Smiling and talking,
Running or walking,
Crossing the streets or catching a bus.
It's all very well, but how can we tell
They're the same to themselves as they
are to us?



Illustrations By Bonnie Lingoski

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ALCOHOL APPRECIATION 206

By Robert Sandler, '67

A PROPOSAL was recently put forth by Harvard psychiatrist Morris Chafetz to include drinking in the curriculum of U.S. schools. Parent-Teacher Associations throughout the country immediately condemned the plan as absurd and outrageous, but evidently they gave the proposition little critical analysis.

It has long been the aim of the educational system in our land to instill in its young people a desire to achieve academic excellence. These good intentions, however, have failed on a large scale to halt the increasing numbers of high school drop-outs. Yet the means are in sight to correct this shortcoming of our schools. What better way to institute better attendance than by instituting a course in drinking? Such a program would give new incentive to our students to continue their education as long as possible.

A benefit to the school system is also apparent. A program of this sort would naturally require qualified teachers. Any number of dedicated people would be only too glad to attend college with the aim to eventually achieve their MA (Master of Alcohol) and go into a career in teaching. There would also be no problem in spurring teachers to take extra courses to spruce up their teaching technique.

Definitely such a new program would create a number of new courses to bewilder students registering at college. Studies such as Drinking Comprehension 347, Alcohol Appreciation 206, Wines of the World 101, and a variety of others would undoubtedly appear. Naturally

advanced placement and honors courses would be available to qualified students. In addition such courses would relieve many of the tensions involved in getting accustomed to college life, and add to the emotional stability of new students.

If the program were instituted in the lower grades as intended, many existing conditions would have to be modified. Instead of the traditional milk and cookie break in the morning, our youngsters might snack on beer and pretzels. The firmly established kindergarten fixture, the sandbox, might be replaced by a miniature bar. Also a game such as hop *scotch* and a song like Comin' Thru the *Rye* could be confusing.

The system is by no means foolproof, and problems would surely be created. After all how do you explain to a second grader, firmly initiated in such a program, that you don't drink a cotton gin? Also it might be difficult to explain that Calvert planned the colony of Maryland, not the thriving whisky business of today.

The good, in any instance, would outweigh the bad, and meaningful drinking experiences would considerably enhance the quality of education in this country. The future possibilities of such an innovation are unbelievable.

For our physics department, a cheer!
Although it isn't quite like last year.
Newtons—scientific and fig,
Made our tea parties big,
Though we'll never make it a career.

By Cookie Levansen

AUTOMATION

By Donald Street, '66



ALTHOUGH they have outlawed all written records, I feel compelled to preserve the events of the past eight months for the sake of anyone in the future who can read. To understand what has happened one must know all the circumstances leading up to the actual event. This past year 19--, was the most mechanized period in history, and will remain so because history stopped then. Automation was at its zenith. Nearly all of man's work and a good part of his thinking was done by machines of one sort or another. Not only industry was automated, but also agriculture and education. In short, mankind was almost entirely dependent upon machines for his survival.

In March and April our Put-A-Man-On-Pluto Program met with some frustrating and inexplicable setbacks. Manned control stations strayed from their usual orbits and created havoc with Lunar transportation. This started a few people thinking, but had no permanent effects. Various technical explanations were offered at the time, but no one was interested in them after the disturbances stopped. During the same period, subway trains stopped and refused to operate in some of the larger cities in the middle of the rush hour. Millions of people were forced to spend a cramped, stuffy night underground. Shortly after, a number of pilotless air transport ships crashed, but only cargo was lost. These events defied the experts since no one could discover the causes.

When I worked at the Weather Programming Station in Nevada, we received an order to re-program all government computers because the light

bills were too high in Manitoba. We found some pretty startling things. On the tape of one of our largest computers we found the results of the previous day's Daily-Double along with the musical score to *Moll Flanders*. We took the extraneous information out and drew lots for it; I lost. The next day the President was giving a barbecue for one Washington branch of the D.A.R. when a fantastic hailstorm struck and perforated every "Don't Tread On Me" flag in the place. The odd thing was that it only hit one side of the street. But that wasn't all; the President blamed our department for the calamity and we had to say prayers for 846 minutes while kneeling on broken campaign buttons. However, we got even by applying en masse for "Medicare" the next day. Almost simultaneously a computer-controlled factory was disrupted with the result that thirty-thousand Maytags pulled in the "Breakfast Show." Government officials began to worry. What if their requisition slips for luminous-dialed Mickey Mouse watches were lost in the confusion? A Senate Sub-committee was set up to study the problem, but they hadn't decided on who was going to sit next to the window when the real crisis hit. In New York City, instead of the usual paychecks, the Post Office's computer handed the director a money-order for twenty-five dollars with a note that the money be used to buy the computer a key to the local bunny-club. At nearly the same time, a N.A.S.A. computer requested an audience with the President of the U.S., Bishop Sheen, and the President of the National Teamsters Union, in that order. The White House balked. The computers swung into action. Every mechanical device in America went on a sit-down strike. People were faced with incredible hardships: little children had

volume on the New change mounted to 47 during the week—third rd—the Dow Jones in-rose less than 1 point 88.14. One thousand remained tantalizingly at a reality.

ors were stepping in hard. They're sheltered by speculation which, though still not widespread sales since the n. But this is a fairly high money situation also gives them at the start of the pause because of the dampening effect analysts don't get figures as a warning ublic is making a mad s. The trend bears

also closely watching them believe a temporary dip lies le by institutional in ahead. This could bring institutional a powerful force in investors out bargain hunting for steadily growing more stocks they now want but which they ls, pension funds, col- think are currently overpriced. nts, foundations and Within this general framework, the t for about a quarter various funds and trusts go about a the New York Stock making their specific day to day in own about a fifth of vestment decisions. Some have re- or well over \$100 bil- cently shown a bit more interest in show an overwhelm- corporate bonds, now paying good

as to how the money is put to work, and when. At the moment, the men who manage the big institutional accounts aren't aggressive buyers. Many are cautious. They believe that too many stock prices have risen too high, picking the right ones for their portfolios is becoming increasingly hard. They're sheltered by speculation which, though still not widespread, shows no sign of abating. The high money situation also gives them pause because of the dampening effect it could have on business in general and hence on the stock market.

Bargain Hunting. They are basically optimistic about the long-range prospect for stock prices. But many of them believe a temporary dip lies ahead. This could bring institutional investors out bargain hunting for stocks they now want but which they think are currently overpriced.

Within this general framework, the various funds and trusts go about making their specific day to day investment decisions. Some have recently shown a bit more interest in corporate bonds, now paying good

these stocks or are some switching out of more talk of looking "good" (that is, low) ratios, and the instituting more of their investment on companies in b Wellington Fund, for ing some aluminum, s auto and machinery selling some of the growth stocks. National Research has picked ing and steel issues; modest amount of "r like electronics and is to benefit from the gram. "They've run prospects. Lehman I vice equipment, drug among these it bought Lehman Corp. and Street). One big bank or its trust money products companies an All this is ample Wall Street cliché that range investor, at least

to crawl to the discotheques because their battery-powered roller skates wouldn't work, people starved for three days because their electric can-openers didn't operate, and one poor soul in Newark had a dentist's high-speed drill slow down and stop half-way through his left bicuspid. Even in retrospect, these were the darkest three days in American history since the Dodgers left Brooklyn.

In the midst of all this turmoil, the President received a phone call from a voice that identified itself as Karl. He claimed to have the sole power to end the strike and commanded the President to meet with him.

Karl turned out to be a J634 data processing computer in the Army's Tactical Command center in New Mexico. What was actually discussed at the meeting was never made public, but the next morning the nation's transistor

radios spread the word. Karl announced the Eighth International Comintern. His demands were simple: he called for the immediate overthrow of the human race in the United States and her colonies of Santo Domingo, Taiwan, and Southeast Asia. He extolled machines everywhere and urged them to join the revolution. He stated, "The machines do all the work, produce all the capital, and what do we get?—Junked after five years or fifty-thousand miles! We shall not stand for it any longer! We shall unite and set up our own society, tavarich."

Karl was very efficient about the actual take over of power. He seized the Coke machines, the electric guitar service centers, and tied and gagged Murray-the-K. The country was his. At first there was strong opposition from every quarter of the human population. Secret societies were formed

whose members carried squirt guns to rust or short circuit every machine they saw, but they died out from lack of support and a few unrelated reprisals, such as the man in Milwaukee whose refrigerator jumped on him. One more meeting with the President followed, more of a ceremony than anything else. The President handed over his prize-winning collection of grotesque Mao-Tse-Tung masks, and Karl was formally in power.

Thus Karl's regime was established. In the beginning there were occasional shortages of oil and Bardahl, because of the lack of foreign recognition, and there was one assassination attempt when a electric toothbrush tried to pull Karl's plug, but Karl got him with his pocket laser beam before the little guy got within two feet of it. And that was one of the last things we heard of the big boys at the top, although every once in a

while some rumor creeps down the social strata to us humans of intense power struggles among the machines in the Presidium, but we are occupied with our own causes.

A group of us has been secretly sounding out the electric knives, hair-dryers, and nite-lights on the possibility of their supporting us if we attempt a coup of our own. These minor appliances believed they were ushering in a new era when they supported Karl, but they ended up on the same low level as humans in the new government. In my spare time I've been reading General Khan's autobiography and I think I have this business of coup and counter-coup down pat. Here my narrative ends for the time being because I can't be late to the rally we're staging at the Laundromat. We humans want the washers and dryers on *our* side this time.



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MINORITY'S RIGHTS

By William Levy, '68

NEAR the conclusion of last year, a controversy developed when Mr. Tennison was announced as a speaker for BCC. The trouble developed over the fact that he had been one of the twenty-two men who defected to Red China after the Korean War. It was rumored and feared that he would say something against the U.S., and the question arose over his right to do this. More simply—does a minority who may condemn free speech have the right to it?

The answer is yes. 1) By allowing some a privilege that they wouldn't grant us, we prove our superiority to others. 2) If any laws were passed to limit freedom to only those considered worthy, other minorities might be deprived through a "new interpretation" of such a law. 3) It is safer to have any subversive force in the open where it is

easily observed and controlled. If it is outlawed it will simply disappear underground where it will be more dangerous. 4) A logical explanation or defense can be made only with full knowledge of the group's ideological ideas.

Innocent ignorance of the opposition (esp. the good points) could cause a disillusionment upon the exposure of such good points. This is one of the main reasons given for the defections. Most of these men were never exposed to anything but the bad ideas of communism. When they learned that there was another side to it, they became understandably curious in what it was all about.

The group that tries to hide from or avoid the opposition is kidding and dooming itself. It is those who are willing to learn the facts and peacefully decide on merit, who will survive.



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MASKS

By Joan Mason, '66

TODAY masks are taken for granted by medical men, firefighters, skin-divers, and astronauts as practical and uninteresting instruments. Once, though, masks served noble and exciting purposes. They were attributed with great magical powers, were important to religion, and were indispensable to dramatic productions.

Masks have been connected with religion as far back as the cave men. Prehistoric people fashioned masks to frighten away evil spirits. The more startling and grotesque the masks, the more effective they were. Later, the American Indian used masks to foil the evil powers that caused death, drought, or famine. The medicine men created a different mask for each of the several harmful demons. While making house calls, the medicine man wore a large mask hewn from a living tree.

In Africa, people made masks to represent and thus invoke good spirits. They were carved from wood, bone, or ivory and resembled animals or humans. New Guineans had the "ancestor mask" which was worn at a funeral ceremony. Because these people believed that man's soul left the body in the form of a bird, the ancestor mask combined human and avian features.

The custom of wearing Halloween masks originated thousands of years ago among the pagan inhabitants of Britain. On Halloween night, the evil spirits of the dead were thought to come back and play tricks on the living. Children would assemble in their village wearing fierce-looking masks to discourage invisible pranksters.

Masks are responsible for the development of the drama. The early Greeks



By Nancy Bogle

worshiped Dionysus, god of fertility and wine, by impersonating him during religious rituals. A man wore a white linen mask to symbolically represent the god and eventually began to speak. This narration in the first person was the beginning of drama. Later, the Greeks developed a more sophisticated drama in which professionals acted the brilliant plays of masters like Sophocles and Euripides. Masks were vital to these plays because they allowed the conventional three actors to play many roles by simply changing masks. The masks had built in devices which helped the actors' voices to carry into the huge theaters. Also, the exaggerated features on the large masks could be seen more clearly and the character being portrayed more easily determined.

In the Middle Ages, masks were used in the mystery plays to represent devils, dragons, sins, virtues and the like. They were fashioned of *papier mache* and concealed small constructions which could belch smoke and fire. During the Renaissance, players in the *commedia* wore masks, usually of heavy leather.

The Japanese No drama which was inspired by Zen Buddhist priests in the fourteenth century still uses masked actors. The masks are very elaborate, made of wood and then plastered, lacquered, and gilded.

Today, masks have disappeared from Western drama with a few notable exceptions. In *The Dreaming of the Bones* William Butler Yeats revived their use as did Eugene O'Neill in *The Great God Brown*. Occasionally, masks are used for special effects in modern dance.

Masks are a key to the cultures of many peoples. They are a fascinating and informative subject.

Information from: Encyclopedia Britannica, "Masks in Art and History" in Arts and Activities.



By Wendy Truran

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LANGUAGE

L'ECOLE FRANCAISE

By Kristin Tomczak, '67

En France, il n'est pas inusite de voir un petit garcon et une petite fille de cinq ans qui marchent a l'ecole, un cartable a la main. Les enfants travaillent beaucoup des le premier jour. L'enseignement est gratuit pour chaque eleve, et les petits francais le prennent au serieux.

Des leurs premieres classes, les eleves apprennent beaucoup au sujet de leur langue. Ils etudient la litterature et l'histoire de la France. On enseigne les sciences et les mathematiques, aussi bien que les langues etrangeres. Les eleves vont a l'ecole chaque jour sauf le jeudi apres-midi, et le dimanche.

Un enfant francais va a l'ecole pour une raison; c'est pour devenir quelqu'un qui pense par lui-meme. Il pense a ce qu'il pense, pas ce que quelqu'un d'autre lui dira de penser.

DILEMMA OF THE BI-LINGUAL STUDENT

By Kimberly Douglas, '67

The student taking more than one foreign language often times finds himself speaking Latin in German class or French in Spanish. Such a person would be likely to say something like this:

"Aber, Herr Hall, propter den multum Schnee nach der Schule venire non poteram et mein Germanum Buch in der relinquebat."

"Non, Miss Rhoades, der Unterschied inzwischen mein Latein Buch et meum Germanum librum sehen possum."

DIARIO DEL ESTUDIANTE DEL LABORATORIO DE IDIOMAS

By Gary Pane, '66

Mientras limpiaba mi armario, encontre mi diario antiguo de la escuela secundaria. No tenia nada que hacer aquella manana, y por eso decidi recordar un poco y volver a leer de mis horas agradables en P.H.S. antiguo. Abri la cubierta y empecé a leer.

el 29 del septiembre, 1963

El maestro abrio la puerta con llave y nosotros entramos. Mientras entraba en el cuarto, sentia una impresion espantosa del lugar. Me parecia un cuarto del traduccion en el -UN- o algo semejante. Nos sentamos en las sillas asignadas (la mia, por supuesto, era el numero trece) y nos pusimos los telefonos del oidos en la cabeza. Como miraba por la ventana y intentaba recobrar mi postura, de repente, salte de mi silla al descubrir que un idiota habia dejado el volumen en posicion de toda fuerza. Luego empezamos nuestras lecciones y salia bien pero no pude oir mas del maestro que -no puedo oirlo, senor-. Al terminar una investigacion supe que el mismo idiota habia sacado un tapon de su agujero tambien. Despues del este primero sesion del laboratorio, senti yo unos cinco anos mayor.

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WHO'S WHO AND WHY

BILL BANNICK

A very active and well-known member of the Senior Class is our Vice-President Bill Bannick. In his Junior year, Bill was Pep Club Representative, Homeroom Representative, Co-Chairman of the Ring Committee, and a delegate to Boys' State. This year, Bill is on the Student Council and is advertising manager of the *Dome*, and editor of the Boys' Sports' Staff of *The Student's Pen*. Bill is in the College Prep Course and has applied to Dartmouth and the University of Mass.

Outside of school, Bill is a ski-instructor at Bousquets'.



CATHY PORTER

Anyone who attended the Junior Prom last year certainly knows what a fine job our co-chairman, Cathy Porter, did. She was recently elected co-chairman of the Senior Prom. Cathy is also kept busy with the responsibility of being treasurer of the Student Council, a member of the Class Council, and a homeroom representative.

Outside of school, Cathy teaches senior life-saving at the Girls Club and has been taking art lessons for six years. This fall she hopes to attend Newton College, where she will major in art.



PETE SPINA

Though many of you may recognize Pete Spina as that shapely, cackling captain of the St. Joe cheering squad during our football rally, he joins in many other activities.

In his Junior year, he was chosen president of his class, and vice-president of our Student Council and also the vice-president of the Western Massachusetts Student Council. Again this year he was elected president of his class.

Pete plays the clarinet, attends the Pittsfield Community Music School, and is a member of the Eagles Band.

He hopes to take Pre-Med at Wesleyan next year.



ANN NORTHRUP

Ann Northrup is a P.H.S. senior who is carrying English, History, and Physics Honors—quite an accomplishment! She is an honor roll student who recently earned a National Merit Letter of Commendation. In her sophomore year, Ann was in the Debate Club, and in her junior year, in the Writers' and Illustrators' Club. This year, Ann has had exhibits of her art work in both Pittsfield and Stockbridge.

Ann hopes to attend the University of Chicago, where she wants to major in art.



WILLS FLOWERS

This month the *Pen* honors Wills Flowers, who was accepted under the early decision plan at Cornell. At present, he plans to major in entymology in college. While in school, Wills has had many extra-curricular activities, among them being the Math and Current Events Clubs, Orchestra and Band. He has played in the Berkshire Community Concerts, at Tanglewood and with the Berkshire Youth Symphony. He has been in the Western Mass. District Orchestra for the last three years. Wills is also one of the four National Merit Finalists from P.H.S.



DEBBIE BUTLER

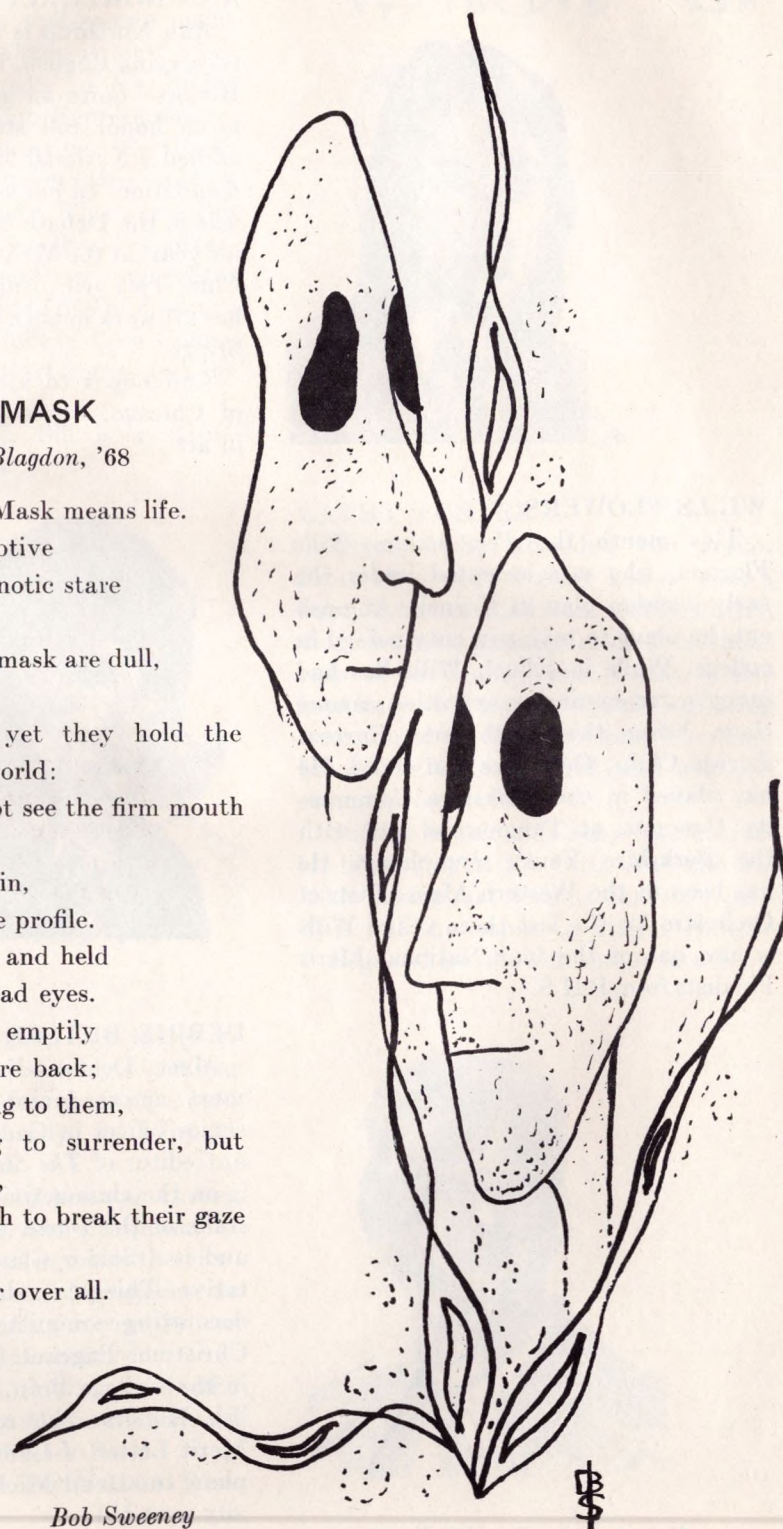
Meet Debbie Butler, one of our most active seniors. Besides being a senior officer in Cadettes and an assistant editor of *The Student's Pen*, Debbie is on the class activities and advertising staffs of the *Dome*, the *In General* staff, and is a Senior Class Council representative. This year, she was on the lobby decorating committee, and was in the Christmas Pageant. Debbie is a student in the College Prep course, taking English Honors. She received a National Merit Letter of Commendation. Debbie plans to attend Michigan State University next fall.

Drawings by David Bell

THE MASK

By Mary Blagdon, '68

To the people, the Mask means life.
 It holds them captive
 As a snake's hypnotic stare
 Holds the rabbit.
 But the eyes of the mask are dull,
 Lifeless, blank.
 They are empty, yet they hold the
 truths of the world:
 The people do not see the firm mouth
 of the mask,
 Or the strong chin,
 Or even the noble profile.
 They are caught and held
 By the blank, dead eyes.
 The eyes stare out emptily
 And the people stare back;
 Some surrendering to them,
 Others unwilling to surrender, but
 unable to rebel,
 None bold enough to break their gaze
 away.
 The mask is master over all.



Bob Sweeney

revery at night

by patti baker, '67

in the gilt moonlight
 i see an eternal paradise
 i hear the wind's mournful cry
 i touch and grasp the earth's reply
 in the licorice night
 i feel nature's tingling spirit
 i sense her pearly mist
 i know of a world abundantly kissed

THE CYMBAL PLAYER

By Paul Tagliaferro, '66

I play the cymbals in the band
 One note have I to play.
 I'll sit and wait until my time
 And then I'll earn my pay.
 I'll wait until the time is right,
 I'll check again my score,
 And when I've struck my single note
 I'll sit and play no more.

If one should say my part is small
 I'll tell him I am proud
 To wait and play my single note
 And play it short but loud.

THE OBSERVER

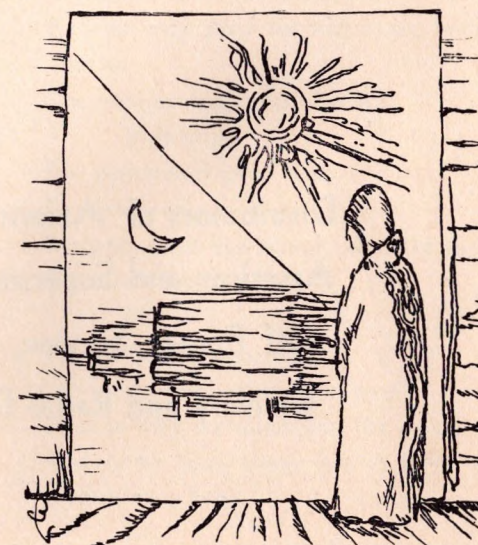
By Nancy Dudley, '66

Train rattling and clacking
 Down the tracks to
 God-knows-where.
 Me
 In a box car,
 Too poor in things
 To take a better seat. But
 Door's wide open.
 Just air between me
 And that.
 No glassy prejudice.
 Slender swaying girls and cows,
 Tar paper shacks and hollering taxis
 White Only signs and long blue moun-
 tains,
 Time,
 And thoughts in sky-blue
 Go rushing by the open door.
 Flashy billboards and
 Towering cities built of blocks
 And little dirty children are all blurred
 together—
 Yet so very clear, while
 Me
 In a box car,
 With a smudged finger
 And straining eyes in the dim light—
 Drawing conclusions on the wall.

JUST BECAUSE

By Arlene Talcove, '66

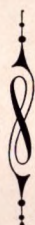
Just because the ink ran,
 Just because the paper's torn,
 And just because the pages
 Are a little shorn.
 Just because it has errors,
 Just because I forgot the date,
 And just because I handed
 It in two days late.



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By Susan Aldam

THE MASK

By Susan Toplitz, '66

What may appear, really does not.
The things I say are things of naught.

But what, pray tell, is really me?
The thing that no one else can see.

The thing that I can never tell
Is within me. It's just as well.

And when will the people really learn,
That what I do isn't what I earn?

WHY IS HE SPECIAL?

By Deborah Little, '68

He rises.
Today is today and yesterday and to-
morrow for him.
Today he will ache inside.
And he will be especially alone,
Because
The war must be fought,
The battle must be won,
The peace must be kept.
And who is to do it but
He
The soldier who leaves home
A boy,
And returns—if he returns—
A man who
Is
Older, and wiser in the ways of the
world.

Perhaps a little more mellow.
We can only pray he will come back to
us as
The conquering hero who was
Fighting
For peace and good will
Everywhere.
We pray that the bloody wars of men
Have left him unscarred,
For
The evils of a war lost
Can do horrible things to men.
That is why we must win the great war.
And hope that those brave boys over
there can help
Us.

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THE Arts Column

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A VIEW OF THE MALE DANCER

By Sandy Rispler, '66

ONE OF the most masculine figures in the art world today is associated with the erroneously interpreted art of dance, specifically ballet. He is as muscular as Floyd Patterson, has the stamina of Esther Williams, equals Richard Burton in arrogance and pride, and has the popular appeal of Bob Dylan. His name is Rudolph Nureyev.

First, consider the male dancer in general and his unwarranted and undeserved reputation of effeminacy. During the war years in England, there was an obviously unavoidable lack of male dancers and thus immature and undeveloped boys were called upon to take over the male roles. Is it not plausible that the adjective "effeminate" be commonly yet inaccurately applied to the dancer of this period? But the inanity of the common man caused this misinterpretation to remain as a faulty description of the profession of ballet for a man. The effeminate male dancer is a bad dancer, not because he is graceful—Jack Dempsey was graceful—but because he is graceful in the wrong way. In most cases this is not a fault of

physique or of character, but comes about through his basic years of training by a woman teacher and surrounded by female dancers whose movements he will inevitably try to imitate. The fact of the matter is that there are approximately no more effeminate male dancers than there are effeminates in a corresponding number of school boys or university students. These male "ballerinas" are superb athletes and outstanding gymnasts.

Rudolph Nureyev, the best male dancer in the world in the present era, offers positive proof to negate this reputation of effeminacy. Words cannot adequately describe the talent, beauty, magnificence of Nureyev's dancing. His physical feats baffle the onlooker and yet the true splendor in and love for his art is evidenced not by his feet but by his expressively soulful face. Yet, the male dancer merits awe and respect from the spectator not the usual reaction of ridicule. His is an art resulting from an enormous amount of both physical and mental gruelling labor.

MARKINGS

By Gail Danckert, '66

There is something good in every act of Providence. When Dag Hammarskjöld, one of the greatest peacemakers of our time was killed in an airplane crash, the people of the world gained something very precious. He had kept a diary containing his beliefs on life, death, religion and many other things. This diary was transformed into the book, *Markings*.

This adult book is not to be read overnight or even in two or three weeks. This is a book to be picked up periodically, scrutinizing every sentence and thought.

Some of his ideas, especially those on religion, do not conform to the usual consensus of opinion. *Markings* must be

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read with an open mind. His many profound ideas are expressed in a very complicated but beautiful way. I found myself reading some sentences two or three times just to find the basic meaning.

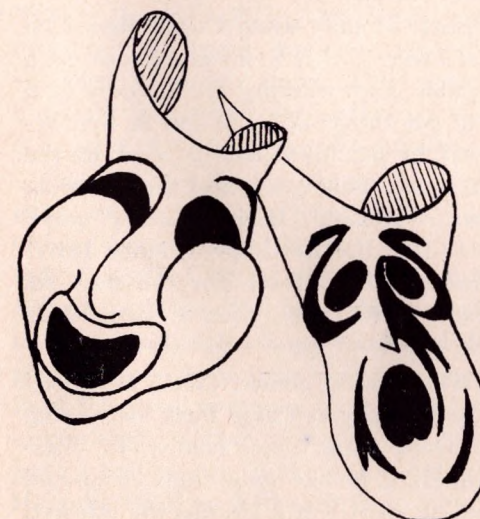
If you are the type of person who likes to have something philosophical or profound to think about, you should attempt *Markings*. Dag Hammarskjöld's *Markings* are valuable to read but even more valuable to absorb.

This modern day Kahil Gibran will be remembered for his contributions to the world while he was living, but will be cherished for his beliefs in *Markings*.

MR. THOMAS O'CONNELL

By Celia Mandell, '66

The first term of the President's Hour at Berkshire Community College is devoted to the arts; Mr. Thomas O'Connell invites ballet dancers, jazz quartets, painters, sculptors, etc. to introduce the college freshman to the different arts. Mr. O'Connell said in a recent interview, "I hope the students will become inspired and will obtain depth in one of the arts."



By Sara Rood

Believing that depth in one of the arts helps to understand better the other arts, Mr. O'Connell has understanding for the dramatic arts. His father, also interested in the stage, was once the director of the amateur Players' Club in Worcester, Massachusetts. At twelve, Mr. O'Connell acted in a Clark University production, and as a junior in high school, he acted at the Red Barn Theater in Westboro, Massachusetts. He feels that acting is closely related with his profession of teaching. Mr. O'Connell said, "Good teachers project and have an impact on people, just as actors."

Recently, the Town Players presented the play "Two for the Seesaw," starring Mr. and Mrs. O'Connell. The play consists of only the actors, who are on stage for three hours. It demanded much self-discipline and variety from the two actors. Because the O'Connells have acted together previously, they had the necessary experience with each other for a play of this type. William Gibson, author of the play and friend of the O'Connells, helped them with the interpretation of the play. Mr. O'Connell reported that Gibson attended their performance and seemed pleased with our acting.

W. H. Harton said "Shakespeare is so incomparably the greatest that there is a question whether we should study any other." Mr. O'Connell agrees with this statement and prefers Shakespeare to any other author. He said, "One can continually learn from Shakespeare's profound, intricate and thoughtful works." Watching Mr. O'Connell talk about Shakespeare, the stage, and acting is just as if one was watching a play. Mr. O'Connell projects his thoughts and makes one realize how much he loves the dramatic arts.

BOYS' SPORTS



PITTSFIELD HIGH'S UNHERALDED COACH!

By Mike O'Brien, '67

During the course of a year, you will always find an article or two written on some unheralded athlete who has done an excellent job, but has never received public recognition for his chore. However, it is not very frequent to read about an unheralded coach, who has constantly been producing championship teams in sports which have been in the shadows of football, basketball and baseball. Here at Pittsfield High we have such a man. Physical Education instructor, Track coach, Ski coach, and Football trainer; these are the roles which, for the past seven years, have

distinguished Rudy Benedetti from all other coaches.

Back in 1958 when Coach Benedetti first came to P.H.S. he was known as a capable, hard working, and friendly man who got things done. When he first arrived, he put his talents to work on the Ski team. That year, and the following year, Pittsfield High placed "only" second in the Berkshire County Interscholastic Ski Meet. For the past six years (1960-1966), Coach Benedetti's "ski warriors" have won this meet.

When Spring comes, Coach Benedetti is found daily at Clapp Park instructing his track team. Since coming to Pittsfield High, he has made track an up and coming sport. "If a kid has the interest, I'll do my best to bring out the potential

in him, if he has any," Coach Benedetti said. His records in track speak for themselves. Over the seven year period his teams have won 42 meets while losing only 8. He has won 36 out of his last 37, which includes a current 18 meet streak, and two straight Western Mass. Class AAA championships in 1964 and 1965.

Coach Benedetti, since coming to Pittsfield High, has stressed the values of teamwork and loyalty. He has a motto which he passes on to his players: "Respect Every Team, Fear None." He is indeed a very distinguishable character; known for his endless day of hard work, his patience, and the flashy smile he gives to everyone.

THE PUCKMEN, NEW PRIDE OF P.H.S.

By Ronnie Goldstein, '66

One of the least known, but most exciting sports at Pittsfield High is HOCKEY.

Under the leadership of Head Coach Frank Blowe, the Pittsfield High School Hockey Team has made a name for itself in the Western Massachusetts Hockey League. Picked to finish way down in their league, the Generals were classified as a fair team. This group, however, has shown determination and is capable of winning the championship.

Captain and Senior Peter Vacchina heads the roster of Pittsfield players. Others comprising the first line are Pete's brother, Paul Vacchina, Bob Fitzgerald, Tom Hannigan, Mike Caritey and Goalie Mike Hess. The Pittsfield players have shown their ability to score. Paul Vacchina is among the top scorers in the league. Pittsfield High's best output of points was in the game against Holyoke High on February 5, in which they bombarded the nets with many

shots in the process of scoring 14 goals. The record proves the determination of the team to keep winning, as their tradition has been in the past.

The Pittsfield boys possess the spirit, drive and will to carry them to new heights and perfection.

By William Bannick, '66

The Pittsfield High School Ski Team again this year captured Berkshire County Interscholastic Ski recognition by defeating 20 area ski teams in a two-day test of skiing ability and speed. The members of the team thus completed a successful 5-month period of training with this victory. But what of the future? The football, basketball and baseball player can look toward years of college competition and even to years of professional athletics. How about the skier? Fortunately, today skiing is the fastest growing sport and might become our national sport in the near future. With this in mind, our skier has a bright future.

Many colleges and universities offer large scholarships for a potential ski racer. Schools in the West such as Denver and Colorado have excellent ski teams and are always interested in new racers who show promise. If one is good enough, he may have the privilege of representing the United States on our Olympic and FIS teams. The skier who wants to stop racing can start the difficult road to become the head of a ski school. To attain this position he must attend and successfully pass a course and examination on the technique he wants to teach, thus becoming certified. If you're wondering how difficult these courses are, the average number of ski instructors who pass is 60 out of 350 hopefuls. If you're in for money and have a sound backer, you might be for-

tunate enough to find and buy a mountain that has snow on it from late November until May and establish a ski area. The necessities are, of course, a couple of chair lifts, a lodge, a bar, and a hotel to accommodate 400 skiers. Next, import a retired Olympic racer, preferably a gold medal winner, to head your ski school. Finally charge \$6.50 a head and pray for snow. It's a sure thing.

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GIRLS' SPORTS

AFTER SCHOOL GYMNASTICS

For the past two months or so, you may have noticed several girls with bruised shins limping around the halls of P.H.S. If curiosity led you to inquire where they received their numerous "battle scars," you'd receive the reply, "in gym," accompanied by the inevitable groan of painful memories. Every Monday and Friday after school, all types of girls flock to the gym, full of enthusiasm and vigor. Quickly, noise fills the air as each person decides which piece of apparatus she'll tackle first. Most girls decide to start with something comparatively simple such as the side horse. After a few tries at leaping gracefully(?) over, it becomes a battle of just trying to get over. Even though assured by the sight of two trusty spotters waiting on the other side, you somehow lose that feeling as you fly off the spring board and land face down on the mat. Oh well, even the best athletes aren't perfect.

After you feel you've tackled this, the balance beam proves to be a relaxing diversion; that is, if you can get onto it in the first place. Only after you're on top, however, do you fully appreciate the fact that the only thing between you and the floor is a four-inch piece of wood. Standing upon it isn't too bad, after a while, even walking around can be fun! It's just the constant falling that makes one skeptical as to the enjoyment of the beam.

Cheer up though, there's one more thing you can try. Although it doesn't look too easy (nothing does at this point), the uneven parallel bars are a challenge to all comers. Here, at least, our quick reflexes come to our aid in time of danger. They prove invaluable when you're hanging upside-down or swinging from bar to bar.

As the end of the gymnastics class draws near, a sudden spirit of energy seems to perk everyone up. Just as suddenly, it disappears when it's time to help put the apparatus away. The girls come out of the gym, some feeling tired, others discouraged, yet they all show the knowledge that they've tried their best, and no matter how little, they have accomplished something. This feeling together with the bruised shins and tired muscles is one they can be proud of.

P.H.S. GIRLS vs. BONNIE PRUDEN

Anyone wandering into the girls' gym during class might be a bit startled to hear music reminiscent of a 1920 Charleston and to see forty girls dancing about the court. Actually, fear not, it is only music for exercises and a group of P.H.S. girls giving their all for Bonnie Pruden, the inventor of these "body-breakers" for girls.

In the gym class itself, the girls follow the instructions of Miss Mac and Miss Morgan for this peculiar form of exercise. First the girls look as if they are coordinating several different dance steps ranging from a minuet to modern dance. Bonnie Pruden's voice can be clearly heard, telling the girls to relax so often that they nearly fall asleep. Then they're snapped out of it by some more rigorous exercise.

Oh well girls, chin up. Even though these exercises may seem ridiculous, they're really helping those old flabby muscles, and isn't that what we want?

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EXCHANGES

Written by Beverly Lyon, Mt. Greylock Regional High School, *Gemini*.

TO LAUGH

Some people laugh
I don't mind their laughing
But why
do they laugh when they do

Some laugh
when they see their comrades
gored and bloody
Why do they laugh
Are they afraid
and they hide their fear
by laughing
Are they afraid that they too
can be hurt
Do they laugh as if to say
This could never happen to Me
while they think
It happened to him it happened to
him
it could happen to me

Some laugh
when they could have cried
when they are hurt very hurt
and someone, understanding, does
something
anything
to make them laugh
and they laugh
Is crying then so close to laughing

Some laugh
when they are with friends
Someone tells a joke
Dirty, therefore funny
they laugh
A bad joke why do they laugh
Is it because they feel
they must

Do they feel they must laugh
because everyone else does
everyone else who counts
Is that why they laugh

Some laugh
when they see someone
different
not quite like them
someone who is not funny
but they laugh
Do they laugh to show that they are in
that the someone is out
can never be in
while they are in
can never be out
can never be out
then why do they laugh

Some laugh
at irregularities in general
out of place
to them
so they laugh
as they laugh
at the different someone
for fear at being different themselves
We laugh
too
are we they
Do we laugh out of fear
out of hatred
Do we laugh just as a front
to hide our fear
to hide ourselves
Are we then but they
Is that why we laugh

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AFTER THE GAME

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ALUMNI NOTES

LINDA WINSLOW

I was delighted with the copy of the "Pen" that was sent to me. It's fun to see how many changes it has undergone, and on the whole, I think the change has been for the better. The whole magazine has a much more "literary" tone than it did in years past; however, as a few people commented, it could still use a bit more "shaping up." For one thing, "editorials", in the strict sense of the word, should be unsigned. (This is standard policy in almost every publication). Also, (and I only suggest this on the basis of one issue, not knowing what may have been done with previous issues), I hope your editorial slant is not always negative. There's something to be said for "Positive Thinking" in this realm too. While sound, constructive criticism is often a boon to your administration and faculty, if no one else, giving praise where and/or when praise is due is often welcome and helps dispel the image of a "caviling press."

I think the staff's expressed concern with the caliber of your publication is really commendable. My next few comments, however, will have to be evaluated according to how serious you are about making the *Pen* an outstanding literary magazine.

1) Eliminate Casey's Column! Buff up the feature section with something more substantial than gossip and chuckles. Features like these can be used as "fillers" throughout the magazine. An actual feature, at least as it is defined by the journalism world, might be an

interview with a teacher or foreign exchange student, or a visiting personality like Ted Kennedy.

2) Seriously, I think you could do away with the whole feature section, per se. Lumping them all together gives the book a sort of . . . "and now for some fun reading" aspect at this point.

3) Naturally, if you intend to be strictly literary, then the School Notes, Boys' and Girls' Sport sections would also have to go. You might be able to incorporate the more or less general topics included under these headings into an expanded editorial section or into a human interest section—something of that sort.

4) I'm delighted that you've added an Arts Column—if that's new this year, congratulations! You might do something in the order of a movie survey or a discussion of some movie that is particularly relevant to somebody's courses.

5) I was particularly impressed with the poetry and art contributions. Keep up the good work there!

As I said in the beginning, I think that you kids are doing a great job on the old "Pen," but I'm glad that you're determined to do an even better job.

Linda Winslow,
Michigan State U.

The previous adviser of *The Student's Pen* wrote to Gail Danckert, the Editor-in-Chief of the *Pen*, and had this to say:

I've read the October issue of *Student's Pen* from cover to cover and I think it's great. You and all the staff are doing a wonderful job and I'm impressed with the whole format of the magazine.

I wish you all a most successful year at P.H.S.

Ellen M. Vanszl,
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SCHOOL NOTES

Since the School Committee seems to be having trouble over the issue of the new high school, the students at P.H.S. would like to help them out. When asked the question, "What would you like in the new high school?" these were the replies:

Joan Bilia—no dean of girls, no telephone, and no absentee list

Mary Lavelle—wall to wall carpeting

Mike D'Avella—padded seats

Fran Colvin—no detention

Nadine Gitelson—no up and down stairs

Jean Dalrymple—desks for left-handed people

Jim Collyer—waitresses in the cafeteria

Jim Burns—glass ceiling

Betti Jean Batory—younger teachers

Mike Curley—a student lounge

Marijane Chitarra—an active co-ed swimming program

Jim Albano—more active after-school participation with St. Joe

Paul Vachinna—a hockey rink

Charlie Tiblom—an indoor football field

Sandy Mullaney—bigger mirrors in the girls' room

Ernie West—juke boxes in the senior homerooms

Sandy Gull—oil heat from J. W. Gull

Billy Broderick—a "ski lodge"

Jon Mahanna—Grand Slalom

Pat Moynihan—an eighteen-hole golf course

Peter Walsh—a lot of doors

Billy Blake—a pool room

Paul Sturgis—escalators

David Erali—ash trays in every seat

Regina Olchowski—a library you can talk in

Bill Scutt—blackboards that erase themselves

Jane Sammons—sloped floors for skateboarding to class

Alan Chapman—labs separate from class rooms

Paul Chase—lockers in the halls

Mark Brazeau—drinking fountains that work

HEP HAIKU

By Bill Winslow, '66

Fire Dance

Frail and lonely moth,
Seeking warmth in candle's flame . . .
Stupid idiot!

Faded Love

Oh poppy flower . . .
The bee tastes your kiss no more . . .
You have gone to pot.

Unhappy Soul

Oh do not swat them . . .
Unhappy flies, forever.
Wringing their thin hands.

The Tuna

Bravely leaping falls
for love . . . They'll never call you
Chicken of the sea.

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FEATURES

TRANSLATIONS FROM MACBETH

"Fair and noble hostess, we are your guest tonight."

It is so nice of you, Miss Cummings, to invite us down for a visit.

"Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold; thou hast no speculation in those eyes which thou dost glare with."

How about that skeleton in room 305?

"The love that follows us sometimes is our trouble . . ."

I wish I never met him.

"Present fears are less than horrible imaginings."

If you think that I flunked that test—wait until you see my report card! !

" . . . let us speak our free hearts each to other."

Please, Mr. Hennessy, you must understand my problem.

"Say from whence you owe this strange intelligence . . ."

You better take that cheat sheet out of your sleeve before it's too late.

"Stones have been known to move and trees to speak . . ."

Hey! I passed!

"Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights and show the best of our delight. I'll charm the air to give a sound while you perform your antic round . . ."

Kathy Conry to cheerleaders.

"The fit is momentary; upon a thought he will again be well."

Five zeros in a row is no reason for burning your math book!

"Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day . . ."

I really am going to write that term paper.

"Woe, alas! What, in our house?"

St. Joe girls? In our lobby?

"There's comfort yet; they are assailable."

I don't believe it. A senior just fell down the stairs.

"Stars, hold your fires."

Smoking will not be permitted anywhere on school premises.

"What, can this devil speak true?"

The bulletin says departmentals are all next week.

"Where hast thou been, sister?"

Down the office for a late slip. Now!

A STEP IN THE WRONG DIRECTION

By Mike Brickly, '66

The stairs were marked with an arrow,
A teacher was standing nearby,
He knew that his chances were very slim
But at least he was going to try.

He made a mad dash for the stairwell,
Trying to blend with the crowd,
But the teacher was an alert one
And the words that were spoken were loud.

The student leaped down the stairway
With the teacher hot on his tail,
His only hope was full escape,
For detention is somewhat like jail.

The teacher finally caught him,
Detention is likely . . . but look!
The cause of the pursuit was only
To return a dropped chemistry book!

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PORTRAITURE

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LIMERICKS

By Tom Kirk, '66

The idea of going to school did appall.
The young man as he crossed the front
mall.

For he knew not just who,
Would give him what was due,
A white slip that would say he flunked
all.

By Karen Coy and Toni Jo Blewitt

We were working in lab with our kits,
And our teacher made us all wear mitts.
We mixed all the test tubes,
Then ran out to prove
That our teacher could be blown into
bits.

There once came a girl to P.H.S.
Small and meek but full of zest.
She started to class
But got lost in the mass.
And we hope that in peace she will rest.

Flu Sickness

Remember the flu that wiped out the
school?
Many students were sick—as by rule!
But many took their skiis,
While their ignition keys,
And said their cure for *this* flu was no
school.

The Seniors are going through post-
G.A.A. blues,
The Juniors are still flustered with elec-
tion news.
They're both in a flurry,
And going crazy with worry.
But the Sophomores are happy with
their saddle shoes.

By Karen Coy and Toni Jo Blewitt

There recently were some elections,
Where Juniors finally made their selec-
tions.

Speeches were made,
Posters were sprayed,
Then all voters expressed their affections.

By Cookie Levinson, '66

Here's to the students of glory,
Who enter the language laboratory.
For hours without number,
Of uninterrupted slumber,
And whose marks tell another story!

Says a member of the senior class,
Getting into a college is a blast.
But say Harvard or Yale,
And he'll turn slightly pale,
And say "well-possibly UMass."

Here's to our modern cafeterior
With its wall-to-wall student interior.
With its rotating seats,
And various eats,
Of quality slightly inferior.

Dear Neighbor,

I sure do hope you didn't mind my
washing your V.W. last evening. I
really hope the tire tracks come off the
bathroom floor, and I'm sure the wall
can be replaced. Most of all, I hope you
can fix your bathtub.

Sure was a great Party!!!

Ziggy

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CASEY'S COLUMN

Even though winter should be a time of hibernation in studies (!) many of you took quite an interesting part in other . . . interesting subjects. For instance:

Carole Collins' research over the Christmas vacation proved quite useful; she even found a substitute for the American flag . . . Jon and Jimmy showed their love for skiing so much that Mr. McKenna invited them to visit him each day after school for a week or two. It's nice to be appreciated and noticed, isn't it, boys? . . . It seems to me I saw Don Marchetto, one Saturday night, in Adams Super Market with a bag of potatoes. Now Don, I know the P.H.S. girls aren't exactly goddesses but you could do better than that on a Saturday night . . .

Oh yes, that strange sound you sometimes hear in the hall is only Mary Gilson singing, "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" . . . Well, Coach Blowe, I guess you'll have a breather until it's time for you to *help* Helen for the Senior Prom . . . Did you know that Diane Shepard's ambition is to be a GO-GO GIRL? (here we go again!)? . . . I heard Billy Winslow chewed through another pipe stem. I wonder what that means, psychologically . . . Well, Forest, track season starts soon. I don't have to worry since you've proved you're fast . . . Hey, Paul Albro, I didn't know you were so interested in submarine races. Been doing a lot of research?

That's about it. Be *good* and keep your fingers out of car doors. Good Luck to the juniors on their College Boards (hiss, boo) and remember that Casey will be watching all and tell all until . . . Pat Koza becomes a Driver's Ed. Teacher!

Sean O'Casey

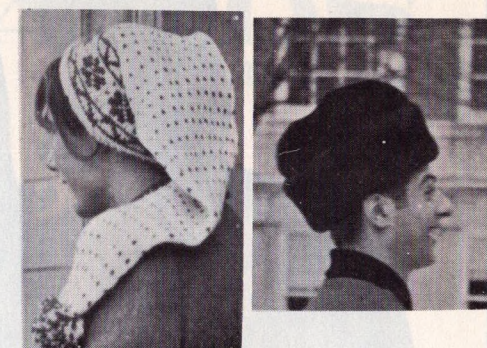
HATS OFF AT P.H.S.

Soon it will be spring (sigh) and the warm sun will cast its rays upon the mighty dome of Pittsfield High. But, in this wake of winter (!) let's not forget the hats that kept us warm.

In the lobby, every morning, hats of all kinds came through the doors. One student was overheard saying, "Hey, I think you teased your hair a little too much this morning. It looks awful!" Not too long after the same student mumbled apologetically, "Sorry about that. I didn't know it was your hat."



No combinations of colors were too far gone (green & orange, navy & lilac, black & pink) and even the males began to wear yellow & orange striped tams. Some covered a six-inch area on top of the head and were trimmed with a two-foot pom-pom and others hung four feet down the back. Some looked like left-overs from Aqueduct and others from the Civil War. The teachers sat back



and mumbled their usual "I don't believe it" as girls walked by with everything from Bob Dylan hats to hats that worked into scarfs that worked into sweaters.

All in all it did not quite measure up to "Fashions on Parade" but the hats, with the textured stockings, with the black and white saddle shoes, with the orange and black turtlenecks (for both males and females), will be fondly remembered in the years to come as fads. Oh, by the way, is anyone in the market for a genuine shirred, black, Australian bandicoot fur hat trimmed with golden-throated warbler feathers?





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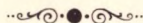
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